

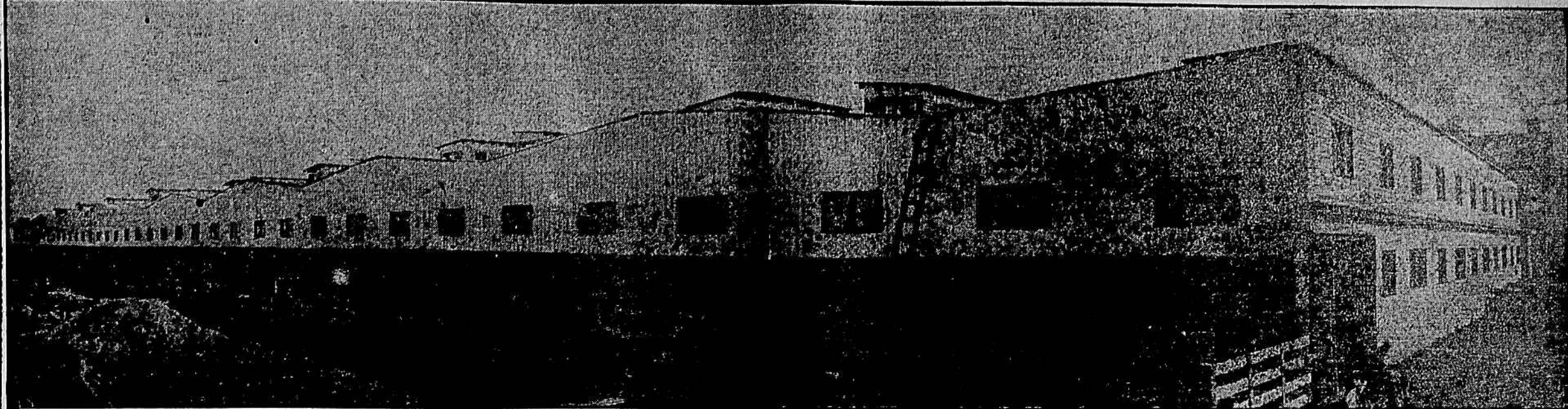
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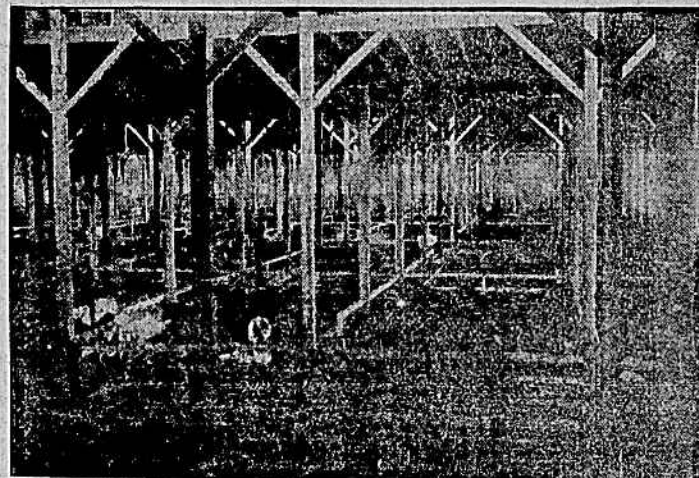
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WHAT CARPENTER SEES IN MOMBASA

(Continued from First Page.)

is sand at its foot, and the sand has lodged in the crevices, making yellow streaks against the black background. Beyond the cape extend sandy hills, which roll over one another until they are lost in the distance. The coast all about is desert, and neither trees, bushes, habitations nor animals are to be seen.

The clouds hang low over the cape, and out at sea the air is as moist as that of Virginia in April. Going a little further on we rounded the horn, and looked back. The great bluff had now assumed the outlines of a sleeping lion, with its tail in the sand. Later still the lion's head was lost, and there was only a great rock rising like a fortification straight up from the sea.

They All Belong to Europe.

Sailing southward we steamed about a thousand miles along a dry and desert coast, before we reached the Jubah River, where the British possessions begin. Italian Somaliland is about as big as Montana. It consists of a strip of desert as wide as from New York to Boston and as long as from Philadelphia to Chicago. Its population is made up of nomadic Somalis and Gallas, tall, straight, black people, who live largely in tents and drive their flocks about from place to place to find pasture. As far as I can learn the country is practically worthless, and this is also true of Eritrea, on the Red Sea, Italy's only other possession on the continent. She tried to get Abyssinia, but her soldiers were defeated by Menelik, and I am told she has now her eyes on Tripoli, which lies just over the way from Sicily.

At present, with the exception of Abyssinia, the whole of East Africa belongs to the great powers of Europe. Egypt and the Sudan, which are ten times as big as the State of Colorado, are practically controlled by the British, and the same is true of this great protectorate where I now am, which is more than ten times as big as the State of Ohio. A few miles below here, on the other side of the Bayuna River, German East Africa begins. That territory is ten times as big as India. It runs several hundred miles along the coast, and below it is Portuguese East Africa, which is ten times the size of South Carolina.

South Africa, an empire of itself, is a British possession, and John Bull has also great territories in the central part of the continent. With the exception of Italy and Portugal the powers are doing all they can to improve their territories, and many important development projects are under way which I shall describe during my travels.

The Island of Mombasa.

I find Mombasa refreshing after my long stay in the desert. So far the most of my way through this continent has been in the sands, with only a patch of green now and then. I was close to the Sahara in Morocco, and I

traveled many hundreds of miles over it while in Algeria and Tunisia. In Tripoli my eyes were made sore by the glare of the Libyan wastes and the dust blew across the Nile valley during my stay in Egypt and the British Sudan. The Arabian desert was on both sides of us as we came down the Red Sea, and its sands several times wrinkled the ship. We had the remotest of all deserts in Southern Arabia, and that of Italian Somaliland was not any better.

The surroundings here remind me of Solomon's song. All nature seemed joyful. The rain has conquered the sun and there are moss, vines and trees everywhere. The shores of the mainland are bordered with cocoanuts; we have on Mombasa mighty baobabs loaded with green, and even its cliffs are moss-grown.

This island is, in fact, a jungle of green on a foundation of coral. It is only a mile or so wide and four miles in length, but it rises well up out of the sea and is so close to the continent that one can almost hear the wind blow through the coconut groves over the way.

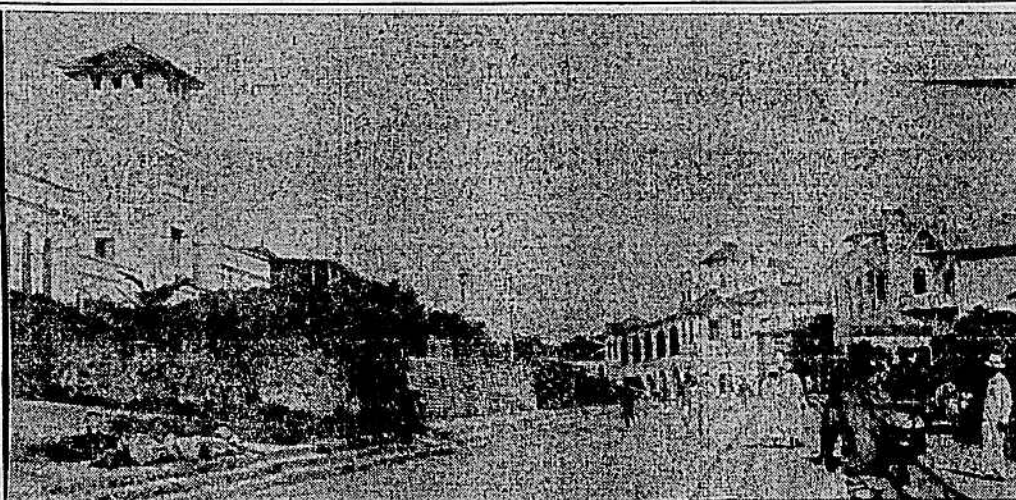
On the island itself the jungle has been cut up into wide roads. There is a lively town with a polyglot population at one end of it, and the hills are spotted with the homes of the British officials. There are two good harbors, a little one and a big one. The little one is in the main part of the town, and is frequented by small craft. The other could hold all the ships that sail the east coast, and the people say here it is to be the great port of this side of the continent. The big harbor is called Kilindini, a word that means "deep water." It has only a few warehouse sheds, and a pier above it, and the main settlements are across the island four miles away.

It was in Kilindini that I landed, and that under difficulties. Our ship was anchored far out, and our baggage was taken on shore in native boats. I found the main quay crowded, and had my boatmen go direct to the custom house and let us out on the beach. The custom house is a little shed about big enough for one cow. It is situated high up above the water, and our trunks had to be carried in upon the heads of the negroes. The water came up to their middles, but nevertheless they waded through it and took both us and our baggage to the land. The customs examination was lenient. The officers looked through our trunks for guns and ammunition, and warned us that we could not hunt elephants and hippopotami without a \$250 license. A little later the negroes again took our trunks and carried them about a quarter of a mile to the top of a hill, where we got the cars for Mombasa.

A Human Trolley.

The word cars savors of electricity or steam. The cars I took were run by men. Here in East Africa human muscle forms the cheapest power. The wages of the natives run from 5 cents a day upward, and in the interior there are many who will work all day for 3 cents. The result is that the railways are pulled by men. Each consists of a

VIEW OF MOMBASA, LAW COURTS AT RIGHT



A took a snap shot of two girls undergoing the process of hair dressing.

platform about as big as a kitchen table, with wheels underneath and an awning overhead. On the middle of the platform is a bench accommodating two or four persons. The wheels run on a track about two feet in width, and each car is pushed from behind by one or more bare-legged and bare-headed men, who run as they shove it up hill and down. There are such car tracks all over the island, with switches to the homes of the various officials. There are private cars as well as public ones, and every one who is one has his own private car with his coolies to push him to and from work. At the beginning and closing of his office hours, which are from 8 to 12 and from 2 until 4, the tracks are filled with these little cars, each having one or more officials riding in state to the government buildings.

Old Mombasa.

I wish I could show you this old town of Mombasa. It began before Columbus discovered America, and the citizens can show you the very spot where Vasco da Gama landed when he came here from India shortly after he discovered the new route to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope.

He landed here in 1498 just about the time that Columbus was making his third voyage to America. Even then Mombasa was a city and da Gama describes it. A little later it became the property of the Portuguese, and about 100 years after that time they built a fort here, a part of which still stands. It has been rebuilt, and is now used by the British as a prison. After the Portuguese were driven out the Arabs held the island for many years, and it was an Arab ruler, the Sultan of Zanzibar, who owned it when the British came in. It still belongs to him in a nominal way. He has leased it to the British for so much a

year; and his flag floats above the British flag everywhere on the island.

The Capital of British East Africa.

Notwithstanding this lease, Mombasa really belongs to the British, and the British can force the Sultan at any time to give them a clear title to it. This is what the Germans have done as to German East Africa, and what the British will probably do at some time in the future.

As it is now, the place is the capital of British East Africa. It has the chief government buildings, including the treasury and law courts and the state's prison as well. The town has now about 40,000 people, and of these less than 200, perhaps are Europeans. There are altogether about a half dozen different settlements, each inhabited by a different class of Asiatics or Africans. There is an Asiatic mercantile quarter, a residence quarter, a large Swahili village, and a business street, which is almost European in character.

There are two hotels which claim to be first-class, an English club the Bank of British India and quite a number of respectable stores. The native people of the city are of all shades of yellow, black and brown, and they come from every part of the African coast.

Some Queer Asiatics.

But first let me give you some idea of the Asiatics who have come here from Arabia and East India. The Arabs wear turbans and gowns and constitute an important element of the community. They were formerly slave traders, and until the British took hold and built the Uganda Railway they did a big business in totting ivory down from Lake Victoria and other parts of Central Africa on the heads of slaves, selling both slaves and ivory here at Mombasa. This business has all been done away with, and the ivory now comes in on the railway.

As to the East Indians, they are mostly retail merchants and traders. There are Parsees, with tall hats, Hindus in white sheets, and other East Indians who wear little round gold caps, gay vests and calico trousers. Indian women are to be seen everywhere, and some of them, the wives of Mohammedans, go about clad in yellow from head to foot. I saw two women on my way across the island who were apparently moving without seeing at all. Their yellow dresses were fitted over padded skull caps, covering the head and face and falling clear to the ground. I could not see how the women could make their way along without stumbling until I observed a little veil about the size of two postage stamps sewed over a hole in front of the eyes. These women never go on the street except when so clad, and they are the strictest of the Mohammedans.

The African Village.

The most of the population of Mombasa is African. There are people here from all parts of the interior, some of them as black as jet, with a scattering of white who are chocolate brown or yellow. These natives live in huts off by themselves, adjoining the European and Asiatic quarters, and comprise a large village. Their houses are of

rud plastered upon a framework of poles and thatched with straw. The poles are put together without nails. There is not a piece of iron in any of them, except on the roof, where here and there a hole has been patched up with a rusty Standard Oil can. Very few of the huts are more than eight feet high, and some are so low that one has to stoop to enter them. They are so small that the beds are usually left outside the house during the daytime, and the majority of each family sleep on the floor.

Among the Swahilis.

I find this African village, the most interesting part of Mombasa. Its inhabitants number 20,000 or more, and they comprise natives of perhaps 100 tribes, each of which has its own dress and its own customs. The most of the women are bareheaded, bare-shouldered and to a large extent barelegged, and some of the men are clad in little more than breech cloths. Now and then one sees a girl bare to the waist, and the little ones wear only jewelry. On the mainland all go more or less naked.

The most numerous of the natives here are the Swahilis. These are of a mixed breed, which is found all along the central coast of East Africa. It is said to have some Arab blood in it, and for this reason perhaps its people are brighter and more businesslike than the ordinary native. The Swahilis are found everywhere.

They have little settlements in the interior. In the midst of other tribes, and the Swahili language will carry one through the greater part of Central and East Africa. The British officials are required to learn it, and one can buy Swahili dictionaries and phrase books. I shall take a Swahili guide with me during most of my journey, or rather a black Swahili boy, who will act as a servant and also as guide.

A little further on Jack made a photograph of another giddy maiden, clad in two strips of bright colored calico and numerous ear-rings, while I gave her a few shillings to pose for the picture. At the same time, on the opposite side of the street, stood a black girl gorgeous with jewelry. She had a brass ring as big around as the bottom of a dinner bucket in her nose, and her ears had holes in their lobes so big that a hen's egg could be put through them without trouble. Not only the lobes, but the rims also were punctured, each ear having five little holes around the edges of about the size of my little finger. These holes were filled with rolls of bright colored paper, cut off so smoothly that they seemed almost a part of the ear. The paper was of red, green and blue, and it looked very quaint. As I started on the girl looked at me out of the tail of her eye and smiled.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



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